

Thou h at this stage it is in part
an anticipation, one st exi ict
from the Memoir by his son will
complete .e pict re of Isaac

D'Israeli: —

On moral character I shall
M scarcely presume to dwell.
le >sophic sweetness of his
ph: disposition, the serenity
his and the elevating nature
lo of his pursuits, combined
eua him to pass through life
blt without an evil act,
tho almost, n evil thought. As
ut the world has always
ad been personal details
of respecting men who
Leb have been, I will
rate mention that he was fair,
se, with a Bourbon
an B brown eyes of
wor extraordinary beauty
and lustre. small black
velvet cap, but his white
hair latterly is shoulders
in curls almost as
flowing as in his

His extremities were
delicate and well-
formed, g, at his last
hour, as shapely as in his
youth, which e vigour of
his frame. Latterly he
had become

He did not excel in
conversation, though in
his cle he was garrulous.
Everything interested
him,

ndo and eighty-two he was
n still as susceptible as a
Lebt e of his last acts was to
ed compose some verses
gula ratitude to his daughter-
r in-law, who was his
mgl •rrespondent, and to
ia • whose lively pen he was
or :or constant amusement.

s< He had by nature a
re Dlatility which never
rest deserted him. His

a feelings, vays amiable,
to; : were not painfully deep,
and amid row the
philosophic vein was
ever evident. He ible
Goldsmith than any man
that I can compare

his conversation, his
apparent confusion of
ideas h some felicitous
phrase of genius, his
naivete, city not
untouched with a dash
of sarcasm. uiocence —
one was often reminded

of the gifted Burke and
Johnson. There was
however one trait by
which he did not resemble
Goldsmith; he had no
deed, one of his few
infirmities was rather a
want of self-esteem.